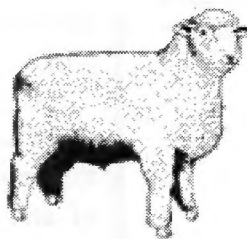


THE OMEN



The Omen

Volume 9, Number 6

April 12, 1997

*** EDITORS ***

Jordan Strauss.....Editor in Chief
Jon Klein.....Editor in Chief
Brenden Tamilio.....Managing Editor
Chris Ruge.....News Editor
Nick Edwards.....Entertainment Editor
Aemily Reshen, Jenn DiPiazza ..Music Editor
Casey Nordell.....Linguistics Editor
Van Souvannasane.....Section Hate Editor

STAFF

Mat Lauritsen.....Staff Writer
Pam Greenberg.....Ask Pam
Jeff Barnett.....Staff Writer
Joanna Schroeder.....Proofreading
Seth Enhelhard.....Staff Writer
Jonathan Land.....Stick Figures/Father Figure
Bert Cattivera.....Staff Writer

CONTRIBUTORS

Sara Matzan
Rebecca Mazer
P.J. Tobia
Regina Laba
Molly Sugarman
Michelle Papa
Mary McAlister

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Jon Klein (E-405, box 1568), or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

“For every lesbian out there, there’s a happy man”

-Edward Ryder

CONTENTS

Page 3.....Omen Hate Mail
Page 4.....Editorial, Omen Charter
Page 5.....News Briefs
Page 6.....Mat’s Machismo Corner
Page 7.....Section Hate
Page 8.....Music Reviews
Page 9.....More Music
Page 10.....Hedda Gabler
Page 11.....Hamlet
Page 12.....Ask Pam/Repro. Rights

Page 13.....Satire
Page 14.....Pearls of Wisdom
Page 15.....Debunkment
Page 16.....The Big Bad North
Page 17.....Fun For All Ages
Page 18.....Tales From The Bottle
Page 19.....Short Fiction
Page 20.....Cunning Linguist
Page 21.....Women’s Center
Page 22.....Crossword Answers



Fuck The Omen

I was reading your little "magazine" on the can the other day and I thought for a moment (however brief,) about wiping my ass with it. It really sucks and what's more it's just not funny.

My journey through literary incompetence began with a very poor excuse for journalism.

"News on the UMASS Front" would have been more aptly titled "As the Heart Bleeds," or, "I Take Myself Real Seriously."

In reference to the UMASS student "Occupation" of Goodell the author said, "There was a real sense of Community with the members of the takeover, and the people on the outside." Please, enough with this hippie happy crap... "All felt that they needed to remember the last 6 days the, [I swear to

god it really says this,] family they had formed." FAMILY?!?! what the hell is wrong with you people? It was a bunch of kids havin' a fuckin' sleepover with their friends at the expense of UMASS. I'm just glad it's over, I was getting sick of their damn whining.

I liked Sprinkle of Sunshine

Now I must move on to the desperate gamer who sent the open letter from E-2. Man, you have weapons decorating your wall. You named them. Then you used the word fortnight. I realize that after you read this, you and your boys will probably concoct a horrible potion of some kind and cast a spell on me or something, but to be perfectly honest you can't touch me with that magic card bullshit.

Another poor soul that appears to have a bundle of free time is one of the

supposed "Editors" of this rag. Who gives a shit about how Peeps are made? And you're wrong when you say, "Nobody admits that they like them, but they do." You snide little bastard, how would you know if I admit that I eat Peeps or not. It just so happens that I'm all about Peeps, **and** I openly admit it. I'm representin' the Peeps eatin' posse... I thought you knew?

And Jordan, what the hell is with those stupid little cartoons? It's no wonder that you never got any in high school.

Well I got someplace to be, I wish you pathetic losers luck with your quest to further pollute the minds of Hampshire students with useless bullshit.

-P.J. Tobia, Contributor

It's The Best Lay You'll Ever Have

It's always good to receive mail from intelligent members of the Hampshire community; it's also good to receive things like this. I'm disappointed, P.J. I would have expected something more thoughtful from a pre-law.

I guess you could only squeeze a little bit of thoughtless slander into your ever-so-busy schedule. A few things: The Omen isn't a newspaper, nor a magazine. It's a community forum. That's why we print things like your inane drivel. If you don't like what you read, don't criticize, submit something. We aren't journalists, nor do we claim to be. All work is submission, which means anyone can put in an article. If you'd read the policy box, you would have seen that. Sorry the UMASS story

was too compassionate for your fatcat Republican tastes. Glad you liked Sprinkle of Sunshine; I never really pictured you as the budding feminist. Did you see the show? I hope it makes a nice addition to your repertoire of masturbatory fantasies. Also good to know that you have enough time to tear up an innocent gamer. It's upsetting that his letter so deeply offended you. Maybe you should examine your clearly hurt inner-child. As for the peeps, take them, and tell your peeps posse to bend over and grit their teeth. As for me getting play in high school, I'm just gonna leave that one be. As for wiping your ass with the Omen, we take a pro-recycle stance, and you should know that the ink is (unfortunately) non-carcinogenic. In re-

gards to the stick figure art, since when are you Pablo Fuckin' Picasso. By the way, we all had a good laugh about your grammar (you used the wrong spelling of you're several times, which we've taken the liberty of correcting); I'm amazed you didn't get into an ivy. But hey, with your reduced workload here at Hampshire, it just leaves you with more time to go wax your Audi. Like I said earlier, The Omen appreciates any submissions and criticisms. We here at the Omen, at least the upper-level management, love you, and all members of the Hampshire community. If you're still interested in writing about politics, we welcome your submissions with open arms.

-Jordan Strauss, Editor in Chief

Cokie Roberts and Jack Kemp

I hope you all had nice break. Mine was tons of fun. Due to what my chair might refer to as a "questionable rate of completion," I opted not to party with my homies, but to quietly work on my div III. Aside from endless hours of tedious edition and typing, this endeavor was also heavily reliant on long bouts with the sofa, impromptu dog coddling, and television research.

I am a TV addict. I can thoroughly enjoy hours of uninterrupted viewing. My time constraints during break, however, forced me to focus on three main areas:

Number 1 is of course, Soap Operas. I usually watch just the one, Another World, and this week gave me an excellent opportunity to catch up with the plot. If any of you are wondering, Grant was drugged into confessing his attempt to kill his ex-wife and child. Josie, who is apparently some sort of justice freak, split up with her boyfriend, a disillusioned alcoholic who thought that entrapment was the right thing. Nick still isn't over Sofia, and Grease Snider is stalking the Captain's wife. Oooooo.

Then, in the evenings, Upstairs Downstairs is on every night. That show is just non-stop Edwardian hyjinx. Last time half of the characters were knocked up by people that they weren't married to, while their significant others were sent far far away. Where are the abortion rights activists when you need them...

By far my favorite programming is the Sunday morning pundit show. I get right into it. I boo and hiss, through things at the TV, and very often make gratuitous death threats against George Will, which I shout almost loud enough for him to hear in Washington. Of these, far and away, my favorite show is *This Week*, formerly with David Brinkly. This is the weekly television home of News Goddess Cokie Roberts. I have a picture of her on my wall right between those of Greg Prince and The Pope. If she were not married, I would write her proposals every week. I love her. A Katherine Hepburn for the '90s, yessirree.

This week brought a special treat, however, as vanquished vice-presidential candidate Jack Kemp was given an opportunity to yap away about the path

of the conservative right. There was a moment in his last tirade before the commercial break, as he was speaking to the inclusiveness of the republican party, when he said: "and we need to reach out not just to people, but to immigrants, as well." None of the pundits seemed to be particularly phased by this statement, which seemed to me to be rather odd. Then it dawned on me: *immigrants must not be people*. What a revelation. All of a sudden all those unpleasant jokes I've heard about ethnic minorities and other people who are different from me may really be funny; after all, *they're not people*.

The question this brings up is what exactly does qualify someone as a person in Mr. Kemp's mind? Does one have to be born in this country? Can I qualify? Then I realized how simple it really is. Jack Kemp is the political equivalent of Oral Roberts. If you vote republican, then you are a person. *It's just that easy*. Good ol' Oral would be more than happy to tell us that we are not fully being human unless we accept Jesus Christ as our

personal savior. One could equivocate being saved as voting republican, while the ultimate testimony to one's faith would be a sizable party contribution. One can only hope that God chooses to "call home" Mr. Kemp before 2000, as He once graciously offered to do for Oral Roberts.

When we look at it this way, our great president is extremely enlightened, accepting donations from people whoa aren't even citizens! People who do not even live in this country! Surely there has not been such an act of forgiveness and inclusion since Jesus hung out with whores and tax collectors. Come to think of it, Clinton hangs out with them, too. This opens the door to the extremely sacrilegious thought that perhaps Mr. Clinton is the second coming, and we owe the recognition of this glorious revelation all to the great prophecy of Jack Kemp, oracle for our times.

-Chris Ruge, News Editor

Our Charter

- a. What we are
- b. Why we are valuable to the Hampshire Community
- c. Why we should be funded by the Student Activities Fund
- d. An explanation of our internal governance structure
- e. Who someone can join our group
- f. List of members

a. *The Omen* is a printed community forum for students to express their ideas, opinions, and beliefs. In addition to publishing news, movie and music/show reviews, we also print short fiction and short stories. Anyone is free to submit, and we print all responses to articles. Anything except slander and libel will be published. These guidelines are explained in our policy box.

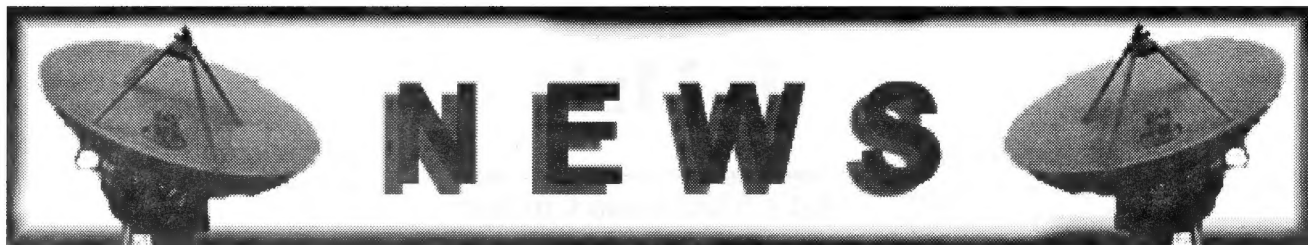
It should be made clear that *The Omen* is not a newspaper; when a news story breaks, we try to apply a unique form of storytelling to bring the issue to light as fast as possible; this form may

include student commentary, editorial, photo essays, etc. As far as news is concerned, *The Omen* focuses more on the human aspects and effects of certain events.

b. *The Omen* is valuable to the Hampshire community because we are a printed forum for student expression (see a). For the last four years, *The Omen* has printed all submissions, ranging from commentary on the Hampshire community at large to short fiction. Additionally, *The Omen* is a weekly student publication; being weekly allows us to break news, discuss timely events such as concerts and movies, and bring an immediate response to ongoing issues in the student body and administration.

c. Funding is necessary in order to remain weekly; being weekly is expensive, but we feel that the benefits of having a forum such as *The Omen* out-

Continued on next page



News Briefs

There were reports of a drug bust in Enfield this week. Apparently, during a routine fire inspection, the fire marshal witnessed a small amount of marijuana plants growing in room with its door left ajar. The police were called, and on Thursday representatives of the Amherst Police Department, led by officer Joe Geranimo, came to investigate.

According to sources there there was a sizable group of supporting students, as well as director of security Derrick Elmes and GE house-mistress Susan Mahoney in attendance. The occupant of the room was told that cooperation would avoid a destructive room search, an offer which apparently did not materialize. Reports by students present characterized Mr. Elmes, and especially Ms. Mahoney as being "very cool" and "supportive of the troubled student. Concerns of dealing were reportedly alleviated by the end of the day. For the sake of those concerned, as well

as the school in general, the Omen will not keep you updated on this issue, unless something really outrageous happens.

HAPPENINGS

The Omen would like to thank the residents of Mods 43 and 96 for their community building efforts this weekend. Both mods hosted lovely, laid back parties full of happy, relaxed people. The Prescott party filled the quad with the happy sounds of springtime drunk students, and much shouting and reveling.

There was a great poetry reading type thing at the Tavern on Saturday, the house was packed, and a good time was had by all.

COMMUNITY

It is springtime, and as the snow melts and April showers wash away some of the grime, the underlying beauty of our campus is again exposed. Or at least it could be. A lot of

what you see walking around out there is garbage and graffiti, things that even if we do not want cleaned up for our own sake, we should think about for the sake of perspectives and our own parents. With the apple blossoms and such going on, the grass growing green, the trash and what not really stands out. For the sake of not letting our parents think that they sent us to a \$30,000 a year dump, as well as not alienating potential recruits, I would urge each member of the community to pick up a little as they trapeze across campus. If everyone does a little, a lot will get done. It would also be nice if people stopped writing all over the freaking place. Remember, everything is connected, and everything counts. A clean campus is an integral part of retaining ethnomusicologists and whatnot. Thank you for the support.

-Chris Ruge, News Editor

The Rest of The Charter

Continued from previous page

weighs the loss of the requested funding. Additionally, we believe that accepting advertisers to cover the cost of duplication etc. may unduly bias our publication.

d. As far as internal governance is concerned, all major decisions affecting *The Omen* are discussed and voted on by all Omen members, with veto power allocated to the managing editors. All members are encouraged to play a role in important Omen decisions.

As far as supervision is concerned, each regular Omen section has an editor who is responsible each week for either writing or soliciting an article from the community.

These section editors report to the managing editors.

e. As mentioned previously, *The Omen* is a community forum. Community members are regularly encouraged to submit articles.

Those who wish to become members of *The Omen* need only relay their request to one of the managing editors and attend Omen meetings.

f. List of current Omen members:

• indicates that this student is graduating Spring 1997

Managing editors:
Jordan Strauss

Jon Klein

Editors/Staff:

Pam Greenberg
Jeff Barnett
Joanna Schroeder
Mat Lauritsen
Aemily Reshen
Casey Nordell
Jenn DiPiazza
Chris Ruge•
Nick Edwards
Amber Cortes
Seth Enhelhard
Jon Land•

In addition, each issue contains contributions from members of the Hampshire community who do not regularly contribute as staff members.

E-Male

It is amazing how some things just work themselves out, especially between old friends. High school chums are split apart at their graduation, and each take a separate road toward their death. During those brief sixty years, many old vendettas or unspoken animosities never see the light of day. Fortunately, through the miracle of electronic mail, college students can tie up loose ends once and for all, and rest easy knowing that last words have been exchanged with certain past acquaintances. One such beautiful moment reared its ferocious head recently, when two individuals finally expressed their true feelings for one another. A tribute to sincerity, their dialogue must be shared as a model for such exchanges in the future.

On Sun, 30 Mar 1997, Amy wrote:

> I was just home for Easter weekend

> and found something out about
> (Dominant Jock)- super stud of
> Springfield High School.
Guess he > was caught stealing snowboards

> from a ski resort. The funny thing, > after he stole them, he sold them.

> Guess he also doesn't like the
> school he is at (is it Norwich)
and is

> looking for a new school. Does
HE > not like the school or does the
> SCHOOL not like him?
Hmmm,

> let's think.
> Well, thought you all might
want to
> know what is going on with
> our old classmate.

Date: Mon, 31 Mar 1997
11:57:38 -0500 (EST)
From: Sal Para@hamp.edu
To: Amy@zoo.uvm.edu
Subject: Re: Interesting

amy,

Mat's Machismo Corner

Mat Lauritsen, Omen Staffer

of course he sold them after he acquired them! what the hell else is he going to do with them, ride them all simultaneously? I like (dominant jocks) approach to life and think you are probably jealous of his willingness to do whatever the hell he wants to at any given time. He probably doesn't care so much about what his school thinks of him, or at least he doesn't let it get in the way of his, err, unique personality. Taking jabs at him over email says more about you than it does him. loosen up, toots!

Date: Mon, 31 Mar 1997
12:59:44 -0500 (EST)

From: Amy@zoo.uvm.edu

To: Sal Para@hamp.edu

Subject: Re: Interesting

i'm not going to bother to reply to that. you were the last person i thought would defend him and i really like the fact that you didn't just mail that response to me, but to everyone.

Date: Mon, 31 Mar 1997
13:05:14 -0500 (EST)

From: Amy@zoo.uvm.edu

To: Sal Para@hamp.edu

Subject: Re: Interesting

you are fuck head. don't go judging me for what i write. i will write what i want to and if you don't like it don't fucking read it. you are such a hipocrate. i don't care if he cares about anything, i just think it's about time he got caught doing things that he's been doing for years. and if i sound spiteful, good. it's people like him who deserve to be castrated and put in a small room away from the rest of society. and i'm very suprised that you would defend him.

Date: Mon, 31 Mar 1997
14:16:15 -0500 (EST)

From: SalPara@hamp.hampshire.edu

To: Amy@zoo.uvm.edu
Subject: Re: Interesting

listen amy,

so long as we are talking about our personal "can" and "can't," I think you shouldn't mind that i have made it one of my "can do's" to distribute our honest dialogue to all of those who might appreciate it, rather than merely respond to you in private.

You have decided that I am a "fuck head." -but only as an afterthought. I almost respected the self-control that governed your first response. You were calm and collected, and seemed to have some maturity. But you couldn't leave the matter as such, and retaliated with a second message to me. I feel justified in referring to this second message as little more than a childish rant.

You called me a hypocrite. Amy, you don't even know me anymore, and in fact you never really knew me. Why the hell am I on your mailing list anyway? Have I ever been the type of person who would care if you are taking some test in the afternoon or are nervous about some interview?

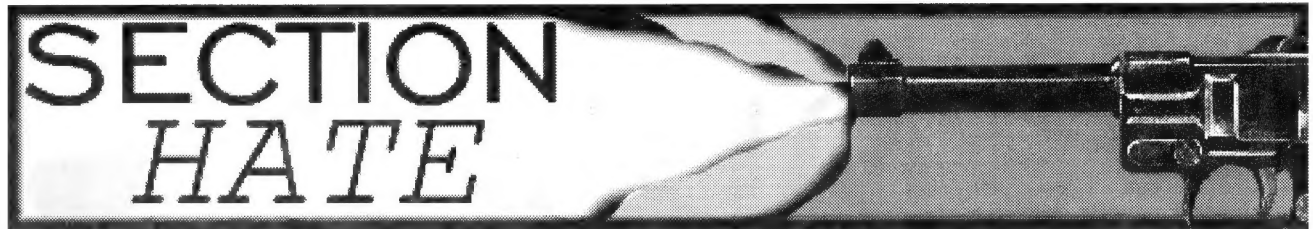
I cannot tell if you speak sarcastically or not when you say that you "really like the fact" that i mailed my response to everyone, rather than just to you. Why didn't you do the same? Are you ashamed of what you say? Do you think you have a weak position? Then perhaps you shouldn't be writing to anyone at all. When you attack someone, you have to be prepared for a counter-attack. You shouldn't be so surprised.

So no one is allowed to judge you for what you write? Then how are you allowed to judge someone else for something they did, especially when their actions had absolutely nothing to do with you? You disgust me.

I think I have said enough to you, but if you feel as though there is still some progress you could make against me, feel free. I may very

well be as mistaken as you are.

Continued on Page 10



Hampshire gets Down and Dirty

The Mayflower Madam, Sydney Biddles Barrows, would not approve of Hampshire's post-courtship with me as a transfer student. Lets talk about what sex is like with a school comprised of politically-correct hippies, neurotic vegans, overcooked noodles and just plain nuts. As a sex partner, Hampshire has a really non-erotic way of fucking with me. Mind you, it's rather rare for me to be in the "bottom" position, so it's been really difficult for me to deal with this marriage. When you think LONG and HARD about how BIG Hampshire's PRICK is, there's usually no need to scream in ecstasy. No one feels the continuous rummaged thrusting as much as transfer students. When Hampshire is inside you, Hampshire will dwell there for a while—like a maniacally inserted object inside your puckered orifice or other. Anyway, how is it that a person who has spent two or more years at a previous college end up on the same academic ladder as someone who has spent only a year?

Obviously, Hampshire's first attempt at foreplay is a true limper. Division Ones are a bitch—no, more like a mutated version of a bigger bitch with two heads. Give a bone to one head and expect the other one to snatch the bone and beat you with it. Case in point: At most accredited colleges, transfer students spend about two years going through the various educational processes before graduating, but at Hampshire, it's very much like being the water that is flushed down a toilet. If you miss a filing deadline because NO ONE has told you what the proper procedures were, you're screwed. You'll end up staying here another year or even more. You begin feel like you're taking up more space than necessary. Next thing you know, you're flushed down some little mystic portal and you come back

up from your "cathartic" journey with coping skills Sylvia Plath would envy. Eventually, you have no choice but to expect to get shitted on every now and then. For what purpose? Hampshire wants to find ways of conserving the environment? No, no. You're given all sorts of shit that you don't want and you're expected to swallow it without protest. Well, I'm not having it. I'm protesting. Division Ones are traps and do nothing more but slow down your ambitious drive. When Hampshire delights in telling its prospective students that there are no requirements, it's like telling someone who's new to anal sex that it won't hurt one bit. It's all bullshit.

Another interesting facet of my sex life with Hampshire to explore comes in the form of the many times we've had unprotected sex together.

Last fall, Hampshire was in an S&M mood and thought it was necessary to beat up on me—loudly and early at the crack of dawn. Soon, our lovechild, better known as The National Yiddish Book Center, will offer literary nirvana to the many blank-faced, spiritually-challenged denizens that live in these parts. (And people wonder why students from the other colleges keep away from us...) Then there's the infamous Yurt that'll never be completed. I won't bother to discuss that one. Back to Hampshire's perilous desire to go bareback when we fuck... You see, it's not the easiest thing at Hampshire to get past all of the red tape here.

The Academic Advising Deans attempt to understand your frustration with the whole transfer process, but you know damn well some of them don't give a damn and would love for you to stay at this place much longer than you need to. "You need to take more Hampshire courses," they might say. "Maybe you should do an independent

project." They go on to tell you that you have to do one project based Division One exam, knowing damn well that you want to get the fuck out of Division Two and into Division Three so you could get your degree and get the hell out! But it's not that easy. Of course, this reminds me of Hampshire's inept way of wanting to commit to any single compromise. "Lets form a committee to create an honest dialogue so we could develop measures that would be integral in aiding us in resolving the issues at hand with tactful strategy." Asking for a competent committee is like asking for an evaluation on time. "Good luck—care to fuck anyway?" For \$32,000 a year, you can bet I'm expecting to get my money's worth!

Alright, I'm slowly but surely accepting the fact that I'll be staying here a year or so longer than I should be if I were elsewhere. Nevermind the fact that I came into this hectic relationship with an incompetent advisor who failed to tell me the importance of filing on time. If he weren't so intellectually pretentious and in his own bizarre cloud during our meetings, I'm certain I'd be graduating this spring instead of next spring. I was drunk on stolen wine one evening and made an attempt to ring the Division Three bell, but Hampshire wasn't having it. Complete silence. No matter how hard I tugged in my drunken stupor, the bell refused to ring. What's up with that? Since I first set foot on this campus, I've allowed Hampshire to fuck me bareback and Hampshire's not going to play fair and come...to terms with the fact that I don't enjoy being fucked—period. Certainly, I know that Hampshire can be versatile. That's why I transferred here in the first place. When it's my turn to do "The Deed," I'll fuck Hampshire real deep.

Continued on Page 16



Some Bands you've Never Heard of

Since we were stuck here at Camp Hamp for *Schwing Break*, we were forced to entertain ourselves in strange and unusual ways. But we're not going to talk about that, because this is a music column and we're not allowed to get off topic. (We'll just mention that the Hampshire sheep have allegations against us because we shanked them on one too many occasions.) While all you anal P.C. pierced fucks were spring breaking, we celebrated St. Patrick's Day the old fashioned way - by drinking Guinness. Oh, yeah, we also went to some Irish concerts as well.

The first drunken potato-eating band that we saw was Craobh Rua (pronounced Creeve Rua). The band name means "red branch" in Gaelic and it's taken from the Red Branch Knights of Ulster from Celtic mythology. The majority of the band hailed from Belfast, Ireland where even two-year old kids drink beer with their sugary cereals. All of their CD's, which they plugged mercilessly, take their names from common Belfast expressions, such as: "Not a Word About It", "The More That's Said, The Less The Better" and "No Matter How Cold And Wet You Are, As Long As You're Warm And Dry." These titles remind Jenn of when Casey often says, "As long as you're comfy, that's all that matters", which of course is a utter lie. We heard from a very unreliable source that their next album will be named, "Pass Me Another Beer Bartender, I Just Puked The Last One Up Along With My Potato Dinner."

In terms of their music, Aemily would like to call them the Irish Beach Boys. Many of the songs were sung in Gaelic, which sounds really sexy when you're drunk (just like Norwegian.) Finally, we found some friggin' fiddles....and uh, a banjo. The guy who played the banjo, wailed on it like a rockin' Kermit De Frog during Rainbow Connection in *The Muppet Movie*. Their songs were filled with witty insights such as, "I wish I'd broke her collarbone, the day I let her wear

the britches." (Sorry all you Fema Nazi's). Other songs told stories, for example the song *Ye Lovers*, which was about a woman who refused to marry a guy, but not really. The man cries "into his Guinness as he walks off, but she calls to him and says she was joking, personally I think she was a right bitch!" The band members seemed to be totally into the instruments and music as well as the foot-tappin', beer drinking audience. Craobh Rua finished the show with just as much enthusiasm as when they started, although they did not have their sobriety anymore. We laughed, we cried, it was better than Cats. ***

Even after all that potato eatin', beer guzzling fun we still did not have our fill. A couple days after that hang-over frolic, we decided to go back to The Iron Horse to see Nomos. They took turns leaving the stage during songs in which their instrument wasn't needed. By this clever method of rotation they were able to consume much more beer and urinate more frequently than Craobh Rua. Hell, they were probably taking turns banging a groupie back stage. As a side note, Dean of CCS, Mark Feinstein, was there and he had better seats than us. The band spanned all age groups and the multi-talented beautiful, stoner guy, John, spanned all instruments as well as Aemily later on in the evening. (LIBEL!) We noticed that the fiddler, the oldest band member, was another fucking Frankenstein's monster. Aemily also believes that she saw the drummer at a Hampshire pot fest, uhh, we mean drum circle. He was later seen that night with a gaggle of smelly hippies (LIBEL!) Heading towards the forest, to a drum circle, to pray for pot. We also agreed that he had very sexy teeth. (SLANDER!)

The band played a lot of tradition Irish music, like Craobh Rua, but also had folk songs with a twist of potato on the side. Therefore it was a mixture of, like, fast top-tappin' music and ballads. There was also tons of audi-

ence interaction probably due to the fact that Nomos guzzled more beer than the entire country of Ireland. (LIBEL!) They were so drunk, in fact, that they kept explaining to us that they were mental. Towards the end of the concert we could not even understand them because they were slurring their words so much. They were *sooo* drunk that if they were forced to take a sobriety test, they would have touched the neighboring band members nose. (Hey, that's them drunken Irish for you.) The non-stoned guitarist even promised to excuse any audience members from work the next day (St. Patrick's Day.)

We loved Nomos even if they had too many damned hippie songs. One of them was called "I Love The Trees" which was about a guy who "you know, loves trees". This of course was another John song, yes the same John that Aemily wants to fuck her like a potato. Another hippie song was entitled "I Will Set You Free" it should have been entitled "Hello I Am Paul Simon Turned Irish". It seems as the show progressed, the faster and more energetic the music became. Towards the end of the show the music sounded more and more like what is commonly thought of as "traditional Irish music."

We really loved this band, and not just because the drummer, and John were hot, but because they were really fucking good! If you didn't tap along to the beat, you're either a cripple, or a mere three-leaf clover. **** (and we'll throw in a Guinness too!)

**** If you can't have an orgasm, atleast you have this.

*** Like having a Guinness on St. Patrick's Day

** Like a glass that's half full, rather than half empty.

* You'd rather hang out with Omen editor Jon Klein.

-Casey Nordell, Jenn Barr-DiPiazza,
Aemily dara Reshen, Omen Music
Editors

Beck

On Friday, independent recording artist Beck came to the Amerst College gymnasium, accompanied by the Cardigans, Swedish pop band.

The show was sold out, but tickets were not impossible to get outside the door. Both of the unticketed people I came with were able to get into the show. In a way, I would have to say that anyone who came late was extremely lucky. There was an opening band, called Atari Teenage Riot, which went far beyond sucking. As near as I could tell it was a four piece white noise generator with an attitude. Not only was it loud, but actually painful. I came in expecting to hear the soothing sounds emanating from the pretty mouth of a gorgeous Swedish woman, but was tormented for the better part of an hour. I do not understand the logic of bringing these guys along, unless it is to make you appreciate the title bands more, but even so, I don't need a boot to the head first to know I like a kiss.

The opening band had a synthesizer, a techno-thingy, and two singers who I couldn't understand a word of, save for the occasional "fuck you!" It seemed as though the only role of the singers was to be extremely hateful, something they did well, as one of them almost got in a fight with someone in the front row. There was quite a bit of applause at the end of each song, because the crowd kept thinking that maybe they would leave, but it just went on and on amidst shouts of "you suck!" When they left the stage, leaving their noise boxes on, a mosh pit actually broke out, but then they would return to the stage, destroying any possible fun which may have arisen from their performance.

Due to this horror, I kept of being repelled from the front of the auditorium, so that by the time the Cardigans came on I would have had to step on six rows of eighth-graders to get to the front. There were quite a few very

young people in the audience for the Cardigans, making it so that I was surrounded on all sides by high school girls, something I thought I would like quite a bit more than I did. The Cardigans, however, put on a solid set. They opened with their soulful rendition of Black Sabbath's "Iron Man," and went on to perform several songs from their previous album, *Life*, as well as their current one, *First Band on the Moon*, including "Rise and Shine," "Our Space" and the obligatory "Lovefool" (that song you always hear).

The lead singer was very gracious to the audience, saying "thanks" after every song. After every some they would take a brief pause, and then start again, regardless of whether or not all member were ready. While most of the band displayed great talent and focus, the bass player was super gaked-out. Very often he would lean towards the front of the stage, shaking his sweaty self back and forth for the sake of the ecstatic 12 year olds in front of him. As he played he had a look on his face as though he were using all his excess brain-cells to half-mouth the word to the song he was playing. Toward the end of his set one of his strings went bad, which caught the attention of the rest of the band, but not the audience who had been deafened by the first act. He resisted efforts by the singer to get him to tune it, and eventually the string broke, becoming a valued keepsake to some screaming teenager in the front row. All in all it was a very nice set, and the audience was left relaxed and happy for the main act

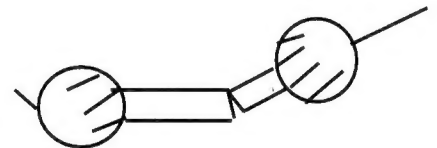
Beck is a rock messiah. His mission in life is to make you party, cut loose, get down, and be funky. He opened with "Devil's Haircut," which really got the crowd hopping. During this show I got the feeling that Beck is like taking the bet of the '80s, putting it in a blender, and substituting a skinny white boy for Michael Jackson, and get-

ting a vastly improved result.

This man is definitely a mass media junkie. He goes from hip-hop to R&B to near folk without a problem. In fact, the only problem with this show was the crowd. We just weren't cool enough to party with this man, and no amount of effort on his part could help the soullessness of the audience. Beck tried to work with us, giving us pointer and encouragement on how to get down, saying "I'm serious, this is the shit I get off on!" At one point, the bass player was compelled to appeal to the crowd "to give it up to the man!" But, after an evening of effort, he was forced to toss his microphone away at the end of his encore, leaving with out so much as a bow.

Beck's messiahhood is not restricted to his holy cause of infusing the soulless with funk, for he also took some time in the middle of the show to share with the crowd his strong anti-drug message in his song "Fume," about a couple of "dumb fucks" who killed themselves with nitrous oxide. Beck's talent definitely brought a joy and funk to audience not afforded by any drug. While his recordings are fun, and display the workings of his slightly bent mind, you should never give up the opportunity to see this man in person, for he is a real entertainer.

-Chris Ruge, News Editor



*Sistine Chapel
Jordan Strauss
1997*

Hedda Gabler

"Sometimes 'Art' is 'Fun': A Review of Theatre and its Social and Economical Impact on a Late Twentieth Century Generation 'X' Population"

I know you'd never guess, but every once in a while there's actually something fun to do on the Hampshire campus—this week it's the Hedda Gabler, a play by Ibsen that takes place in 1890's Norway, directed by Andrea Trask as a Division III project. It is very rare that an actual period play gets done at Hampshire, and this one is simply gorgeous.

The script itself is amazing, so if you know the play this production is by all means a great chance to see it in action; if you don't know the story, all the better. It is a beautifully crafted play—it's got humor, sex, innuendo, destruction, blackmail, pistols and some great piano music. I don't want to give it away, but I knew the script quite well before I saw this production and I sat and laughed and sat there with my mouth hung open and sat there tense and even jumped

in my seat.

Rebecca Anderson, Tim Andrews, Emily Windover, Greg Jones, Ryan Brennan, Gwen Maynard, and Katie O'Niell have all done absolutely first-rate jobs as actors. I was completely engrossed for the two-and-a-half hour performance; they had great energy and enthusiasm. The audience could really tell that the actors and directors had gone all the way and worked very hard with the script and each other—there was a fantastic sense of ensemble that is so often lacking and so satisfying to see in action when it actually does happen. Doing a show like this requires a huge amount of research, and this work really became evident in the final product, from the actors physicality to the lighting to the set and props.

Technically this show is a joy to watch. The set is beautifully designed by Andrea Trask and wonderfully executed by technical director Dustin Bowlin. Besides being real nice to look at, it enables the actors to use the Studio Theatre, a

small and often frustrating space, to its full advantage. The lighting designer Marissa Kaplan was presented with some difficult situations because of the space and the intricate script, but her jobs was quite admirable; her color choices and timing were sensible and lovely—special kudos for the fire. And Christ, those costumes! Ghalib, you're absolutely the bomb. I heard tell that some of these costumes were built from scratch by the costume crew, a truly amazing feat once you see what they look like. Lara Golan as sound designer chose music that was just right—often it seemed subliminal even though it was very present (if that makes any sense at all). I guess the biggest thing that hit me was that technically—and artistically—it seemed obvious that this show was a cohesive being; all the elements of design, although strong on their own, really complimented each other in color, emotion, style and mood.

-Tamsin Elias, Contributor

More E-mail

Continued From Page 6

mat

p.s. don't call me a fuck head.
because I am rubber and you are glue.

Date: Mon, 31 Mar 1997 14:18:58 -0500 (EST)

From: Amy@zoo.uvm.edu

To: Sal Para@hamp.edu

Subject: Re: Interesting

You know what, I don't care, I really don't. I don't have time for this pathetic argument. Don't worry, you're not on my mailing list anymore, since you don't want to be, I was respectful of that and took it off.

<"Let us learn to show our friendship for a man when he is alive and not after he is dead", The Great Gatsby>

And hence everyone has his or her chance to be an asshole, and do his or her part in maintaining universal honesty. Prior to this dialogue, Sal and Amy actually had the trappings of friendship, assuming that because they had friends in common that they had a common friendship. But this fraud has been felled like a sapling, and wondrous are the powers of the electronic axe.

-Mat Lauritsen, Omen Staffer

Coming Soon...

Ben and Lauren devise a plan to save Hampshire

More Erratas

Politics

Bert gets alcohol poisoning

Crosswords galore!!

And, as always, senseless whining

MOVIES

More Danish No Joe

Despite the fact that we're in the wake of the Oscars (otherwise known as 'The English Patient charity bazaar and barbecue'), I'd like to devote some space to Kenneth Branagh's *Hamlet*, which I saw when I went home over break.

New Shakespeare films seem too often to be exercises in posturing and screeching and ill-advised visual metaphors from the art department- (last year's soggy *Richard III*, to name one). But Branagh gives us four hours of absolutely riveting Shakespeare, and no gravy. In fact, the presentation of the play is so engrossing that you completely forget what's going to happen next.

In case you're about to say "Oh God, not the old Shakespeare-as-pot-boiler approach again", I say that the emphasis is also back where it should be: the verse. The picture, in all of its aspects but particularly the adaptation and performances, has all the sensible care to the vitality and lucidity of the verse that a good RSC production might have- but with something else, too. With the whole length and breadth of the play to spread out in, the cast shows a refreshing eagerness to take chances with the verse, to get the text on its feet and slugging, in sharp contrast to the usual tradition in films of worrying at the verse like a basset hound sniffing a milkbone.

I wish I had space to mention everyone's performance, but I don't, so here's a handful of favorites. Richard Briers' Polonius (for once Polonius talked to Laertes during the blessing and not at him), Julie Christie's Gertrude (Gertrude with some warmth, finally), Kate Winslett's Ophelia (her mad scenes piteous instead of cloying),

Billy Crystal's Gravedigger (adding a welcome echo of Beckett to this wonderfully surreal scene), and of course Branagh's *Hamlet*.

I cringed at Branagh's interpretation at first, until I realized he was recasting *Hamlet* as an extrovert. In the mad scenes (the 'fishmonger' scene, for example), he filled the screen with a roiling, antic energy instead of the usual cerebral noodling and half-hearted puns. In the soliloquies, particularly 'Rogue and peasant slave' and 'O that this too too solid flesh', this *Hamlet* wasn't musing but talking to himself, anxiously setting this possibility against that one, giving the over-hallowed words a natural phrasing which made their impact almost palpable. It's a really fine performance.

I have the most to say about aesthetics, so I leave those for last. The team of Alex Thompson (Director of Photography), and Tim Harvey (Production Designer), as well as Alex Byrne (Costumes), all should have won the Oscars in those respective categories, to say only the very least about their colossal achievement. Harvey and Thompson engineer space and architecture for Branagh's *Hamlet* as strikingly as John Box's designs and Fred Young's cinematography did for David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia*, both using 70 MM as a dramatic medium in and of itself, and I hope Harvey and Thompson are in time as wildly praised as Box and Young were (and are).

The compositions are for the most part rigorously symmetrical, commanding vast expanses of closed space, ranging from Harvey's throne room set to the exteriors of the enormous Blenheim Palace. I don't think I've ever seen a design scheme on this scale so

exciting to look at, but unintrusive and essential to the drama at the same time. 'We shall not look upon its like again'.... Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go get my hyperboles a plane ticket home- they've earned a long vacation.

I'm going to blab about the Oscars, so just smile and nod. Ahem-"As Hampshire doth emerge from its Friday nights, so doth the world emerge from the Oscars: with an eye to the possible wreckage." Pacino is probably still kicking himself for pronouncing Saul Zaentz's last name like the name of some kind of anticonvulsive. Zaentz is probably kicking Pacino... I wishfully predicted that Fran McDormand would win for *Fargo*, about a month ago in this very rag, knowing full well that she wouldn't win. I feel pleasantly vindicated, as well as overjoyed that the superb Coen screenplay won. (They probably heard me hollering in Greenwich, though I was in Jordan's room at the time. As a matter of fact, I think somebody owes me a pack of smokes). Nothing for *Secrets and Lies* or Mike Leigh, though- unpardonable. Also, Arthur Miller's superb adaptation (perhaps I should say reinvention) of his own *The Crucible* went egregiously unrecognized, as did the film itself- one of the very best (and most poorly distributed) pictures of 1996.

What else, what else. Only the usual things; I've never seen Jodie Foster and Winona Ryder look so gruesome-hideous stuff they were both wearing. David Helfgott playing piano on stage smacked of exploitation a little bit (to me anyway), and Michael Flatley (Lord of the Riverdancers) smacked of high-precision hip dislocation. Bette

Continued on Page 17

Pam Answers Her Fan Mail

Dear Ask Pam,

I'm a dirty hippie. Go nuts.
Sincerely,
Raindrop

Dear Raindrop,

This is too easy. Take a shower, wash your nasty hair, eat some red meat, stop wearing pants under your skirts, wear shoes, get a job, get a haircut, get a LIFE.

Dear Ask Pam,

I'm the editor of a small Hampshire publication, with a circulation of about 700. I'm questioning my manhood, what should I do?

-Anonymous

Jordan, Get A Grip!!! By the way, what manhood?

Dear Ask Pam,

Ask Pam

Pamela Greenberg, Omen Staffer

I am a graduating Div III student and I am rather concerned with my recent behavior. Since my girlfriend left me I have found myself oddly regressing. It's like I've gone back to high school; I have a renewed interest in school, hope for the future, a desire to have repeated sex with girls around the legal limit. I also have found myself with an uncontrollable fetish for The Cardigans. Should I be worried or should I just kick back and enjoy my second adolescence?

-Smelling like Teen Spirit in Prescott

Dear Smelly,

This is indeed a strange predicament. Seeing as how you're graduating in May, I see no other option but to tell you what you have to look for-

ward to: paying rent, finding a real job, living among nasty strangers, being really broke, being really alone, realizing you have to be a responsible adult, trying to get married, trying not to get divorced, trying to "keep it up" during sex, paying taxes, jury duty, commuting daily through rush-hour traffic, gray hair, the death of your parents, the realization that you hate your menial job, and your inevitable suicide. Your renewed hope for the future and sexual desires are really just wasted energy. In my opinion you should end it all right now. Why fight the inevitable?

Dear Ask Pam,

Go fuck yourself.

-Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

Thank you so much. I'm always touched to see that I have fans and admirers. Write again soon!

The Reproductive Rights Conference

Hang up the Hanger. Burn it, actually. People say that history repeats itself every twenty-five years. The circumstances may change, but the message is the same. Keep that in mind. It was discussed at the fairly radical and actually very well organized Reproductive Rights Conference this weekend (thanks to Marlene Fried.) The workshops that were offered covered both societal and personal concepts about the laws of reproduction.

Allow me to make one thing clear for all those who had better things to do than go to the conference, which had attendants from all over the country and speakers that were incredibly intelligent, speakers that had been persecuted and sued by the religious right, speakers that had infiltrated into neo-Nazi organizations, but individuals who actively work against the prejudiced deluded powerful male corporate Christian government that owns this nation and calls all the shots. Yes, it does effect you. No matter how sheltered you

may be. There was more to this conference than people arguing about the legalities of abortion. That was hardly the issue, being that all or most of the people there were inherently for the procedure to remain legal; it was more about the patriarchal society that we are confined to.

The scary thing, but true, thing is that all you have to do is look where all the money is located. I'll try not to go into the numbers and statistics, but the Christian Coalition and the government work together. A lot. They give each other money and they don't like radicals, or liberals. Or queers. Or anybody that doesn't fit into their ideals of the Christian nuclear middle class family. Debate the whole "family values" issue during this past election. Does it remind you of the ideal family in the 1950's?

The workshops ranged from Reproductive and Human Rights, Media, Art, and Activism, Women Taking Control Over Their Health, Population Control, and Abortion Access. There

was also the abortion speak out in which not only did a Hampshire professor speak of her experience, but other women, who were forced to experience abortion in its illegal times (rape her and scrape her), and students today, who came out of the audience to describe their experiences. Because this was basically the start of the conference, it stabilized a connection and networking between the participants.

So you may wonder what the purpose of this was. Well, it took an active look at the social construction in which we live. It dealt with the patriarchy of unacceptance, men in the government that battle radicals with prejudice, churches, and lack of education for those who do not have the advantage of an accepting community. Hampshire is very sheltered from the rest of the world.

Are you going to do anything about it?

-Rebecca Mazer, Contributor

Petition for Suicide

To Nobody:

We are dead and we know you don't care. But we are leaving this note as testimony to our pitiful existence. From the moment of the primal scream, our lives have been a ramshackle of broken dreams and withered hopes. Now, we take destiny into our own hands, as a final artistic masterpiece. In blood we sign away our angsty breath.

Anyone want to help us create an Earth-sensitive, anarchistic mass suicide in the Pine forest? (Free Pizza!!!)

Please help us with our Div. III by signing below:

1. Mary McAlister

4.

7.

10.

13.

16.

19.

22.

25.

28.

31.

34.

37.

40.

43.

46.

49.

2. Michelle Papa

5.

8.

11.

14.

17.

20.

23.

26.

29.

32.

35.

38.

41.

44.

47.

50.

3. Molly Sugarman

6.

9.

12.

15.

18.

21.

24.

27.

30.

33.

36.

39.

42.

45.

48.

51.

Jeffy B's Spring Break

You saw it coming; what I did over Spring Break. So here's what happened. I went home to Indy for a day or two, during which time, I wrote my resume. My resume, I freely admit, was more padded than Pinto's passed-out date's bra in Animal House. (If a prospective employer is reading this as a sample of my writing, you didn't just read that). Then I drove down to Indiana University at Bloomington (UMass of Indiana) to pick up my very hot friend, Jenny, and my best friend, Jon. That night, we dined on Chinese food. It was snowing. The next morning, Jon and I went to Naples (Jesus Christ, they're building another golf course here?) Florida. We were met at the airport by my grandfather and endured an hour-long car ride to Naples as I feverishly tried to make smalltalk. Two of my other friends and one psychotic obsessive-compulsive disorder-stricken politically correct self righteous dogooder had driven down the night before, so they were already in Naples. That night, we dined on Michelbob's Ribs, the best damn Danish baby backs you could ever taste. The meat simply falls off the friggin' bone! Mike, Lori, (friends from high school) and Heather(OCD) came to my grandparents' condominium to eat and take us back to Lori's uncle's house, which he had so graciously lent us for a few days. But it wasn't until the next night when Heather's ugly disorder

Pearls of Wisdom

Jeff Barnett, Omen Staffer

der reared its compulsive teeth-brushing head.

Heather is the kind of normal chemically imbalanced obsessive who takes at least 2 showers a day and blow dries her hair for twenty minutes after each time. So naturally it came as a shock to her that I could possibly attend classes with "dirty hippies" who may base the frequency of showers on lunar cycles. But this was only the beginning. Alas, she remained the sole vegetarian of the 5 of us. Now, let me say that I have no problem with vegetarainism. I admire the faith she had that perhaps the meat industry, one of the largest in America, could be stopped, and every individual can make a difference, yadda, yadda, yadda. She didn't even get in anyone's face for eating meat, an offense which I feel should be punishable by nothing gentler than a lethal injection. She was, however, a freak about her food not touching anything containing vile meat molecules. She insisted I use a Seperate Spatula to grill her veggie burger. She freaked when Lori put a pickle which had touched the bread from a chicken sandwich on her plate, and pouted for the remainder of the afternoon. I knew that soon, the shit would hit the fan.

I didn't shower for the last three days of the trip. I admit that this was a childish and spiteful maneuver on my

part, but I had used restraint and held my tongue while Heather launched a completely irrational and unprovoked tirade upon my character. She took to incessantly refering to her boyfriend, Steve, at Purdue. As much as she cooed and talked him up for no apparent reason, to this day, Steve remains a faceless entity up in West Lafayette with mind-controlling powers beyond my own, and one fucked-up bitch on his hands. She regularly reflected on her high-school popularity and generally what a great person she is and how much fun she had, to which I replied, "Well, it certainly is good that you consider yourself to be so popular.", to which she responded, "Shut the fuck up" under her breath. I think she was angry. Then she locked herself in the bathroom and washed her hands for two hours and I sat back and smirked. The final night in Florida, Jon's grandparents took Jon and I out to dinner at a place called Mugs & Jugs, which is sort of tamer Hooters (where we did eat one night, by the way. Send hate mail to jlb96@hampshire.edu). Anyways, it was a good break, and I learned to hate obnoxious, stupid, overconfident people with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder.

*It's now 4 a.m.
Aesthetics mean nothing here
This isn't even a haiku*

*Jordan Strauss
1997*

Women's Co-op Myths Debunked!

Myth 1: Men and people with more than 2 inches of hair are not welcome.

debunkment: We are a community resource and all are welcome!
Get your ass to a Co-op meeting! In a recent poll, 6 out of nine Women's Center workstudy students had hair longer than 2 inches.

Myth 2: We are all Psycho Bitches.

Debunkation: Only when we are trying to get the Administration to find any document or letter we have ever sent them, or to get them to remember anything said at any meeting we have ever had with them.

Myth 3: We are all lesbians.

Debunkeschmorg: So's your grandmother.

Myth 4: We're all fucking angry, so stay out of our fucking way!

Debunkesplunk: You should see us sip our tea at our meetings. Of course, if anger gets things done, we'll use it. As should you.

Myth 5: We get tons of money.

Debunker: HAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHA. And tuition went down this year.

The Big Bad North

The North is a Ba-a-a-d place. Anyone needing immediate evidence of this engraved-in-stone fact need only remember our lovely blizzard earlier this week. I'll concede that even most northerners recognize the value of the warmer weather south of the Mason-Dixon line. But Southern Springs are so much more than just warm air. Daf-fodils in February, wisteria, a people to dogwood tree ratio of 1:1.... can spring get any more lovely?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, cut the sappiness. There are so many more reasons why the North is bad, beyond cutesy descriptions of the weather. Let me list a few for you, and then I'll elaborate. Up here in the frigid north, ya'll have bad people, bad accents, bad food, bad roads, smelly industries, no space, and no Elvis-mania.

I'll start off by talking about the bad breed of humans called Northerners. Northerners are rude. They think it's okay to snap at you on the phone, at the bank, and to not return the sunny smile and "hey there" you offer them as you pass by on the street. They don't know how to slow down their lives and appreciate being human (well, with the exception of people on the Hampshire campus, who think it's okay to turn in a paper 2 years late). Northerners have bad accents—what is more unsexy than a thick-necked Bostonian saying with that horrid accent, "Let's buy some beer and watch the Bruins"? Or even less appealing, that god-awful Long Island twang. The most horrific characteristic of Northerners, however, is that they're all white. Leave any urban center, and you're in Whitey-ville. Where are the people of color in our dear state of Massachusetts, enclave of liberalism and intellectualism? Outside of Boston, Springfield, and Holyoke, nowhere to be seen.

And the people that you do see could not be more boring. They belong to one of three groups. They might be a white-hat college student sporting Umass sweats or the latest J Crew

sweater in some bland color. Or they might be the liberal intellectual, with cropped hair if it's a female, and ears pierced if it's male. Or they might be a hick. But the thing is— even hicks up here are un-interesting. With the notable exception of the folks down on Chmura Road who think lawn ornaments can be found at McDonald's playgrounds. For the most part, though, hicks here are marked only by the presence of a snow-plow in their driveway, and maybe by a confederate flag or a bumpersticker reading "I-heart- Assault Rifles." No souped-up lowriders painted metallic purple with front-back and side-side hydraulics. (For those of you not versed in low-riders, these hydraulics let one do awesome things like pop wheelies and jump up and down in one's car. They're fuckin' awesome.) No pick-ups with "Mickey's Car and Truck Club" airbrushed on the back window, with horns that are tuned to play "Dixie." No barefoot old women in sack dresses with long white hair, making biscuits out of flour and already-used lard.

Which brings me to the food issue. Hello folks, where's the soul food? No collard greens, black-eyed peas, pork barbecue, fried okra, or biscuits'n'gravy. On the more commercial end, note the lack of Hardee's and Waffle Houses. (For those of you who've never left the north, I'll clarify: Hardee's is remarkable for their luscious cinnamon-raisin biscuits dripping in icing. Waffle House is notorious for being open 24-7 in seedier parts of town, with crazy waitresses serving cheap-ass coffee.) Instead of operating these fine dining establishments, people like the New Jersey Turnpike folks think they can open a Roy Rogers and call it a restaurant. Clearly, they've confused the definition of fries with that of cardboard. [Since writing this, I've been informed that Connecticut has Hardee's. But whatever— we all know Connecticut is a strange place. They have tobacco farms, too.]

Heh. Maybe driving on the New Jersey Turnpike makes you that desperate. The NJ Turnpike, while better than most northern roads in that it has few potholes, is still a Very Bad Road. Down south, you'd never find a toll road with only full-service gas stations.

Writing about the Ba-a-a-d North is making me weary. Let me quickly finish up my list of Characteristics of the Evil North by pointing out the smelly industries and lack of space. Up here, you can't go 10 miles without happening upon some nasty factory spewing out disgusting fumes into our pure Mother Earth. Yeah, so one reason the south lost the Civil War (or should I say, The War of Northern) was the south's lack of industry. These days, I'll take pine trees, tobacco farms, and red clay over Northern Industry any day. Which brings me to my final complaint: the lack of space in the north. People up here think "rural" means organic dairy farm on top of organic dairy farm. The towns bleed into each other. There is no concept of space. Down home, I can drive for hours and not see anything but pine woods and the occasional one-stop-light town. Maybe that's why hicks down South are so much more charismatic— they're actually able to get away from urban civilization and "liberal intellectuals." Hell, Southern hicks are great enough to be the stars of the monumental TV classic, *Dukes of Hazard*. Don't miss the re-runs on late-night TNT. If you want company, I'm always awake with my eyes glued to the beautiful Southern screen.

-Sara Matzen, Contributor

More Hate

Continued From Page 7

Hampshire will feel it for years. I hope it'll be as good for them as it has been for me. No worries. I'll protect myself.

-Van Souvannasane, Section Hate Editor

Enough Music This Week?

After about a year of uncertainty, **The Breeders** are apparently back together. Joined by performers **Brendan Benson**, and **Lutefisk**, **The Breeders** preformed in front of a packed crowd at Pearl Street on Friday night. The show at Pearl Street was part of a 13 show tour of the East Coast visiting Philadelphia, New York City, and Washington DC and ending in Boston on March 30th.

The evening started off slow-though the building was packed when **The Breeders** took the stage, the show started off with an almost empty crowd and two even more empty sounding bands. The first band to take the stage was generic rock band **Brendan Benson**. They played an unbearably boring set in front of a crowd of about thirty. They sounded fair, but the music was boring and predictable, and generally not very entertaining. The next band **Lutefisk** opened with what could only be explained as some sort of twisted **Fugazi** noise complex. Five, maybe ten minutes of feedback, and rhythmless banging. It was most

Fun For All Ages

Jon Klein, Editor-in-Chief

likely just there to desensitize the crowd to the bad music that would follow. By the time the first song rolled around the crowd seemed quite happy to listen to Lutefisk's utterly obnoxious music, so long as it had a rhythm. I sense that this sensation quickly wore off.

With former band members **Kelly Deal** off recording music with **Sebastian Bach** of Skid Row, and **Josephine Wiggs** pursuing other projects, **The Breeders** look quite different from the band that recorded Last Splash. This time around the band is made up of familiar faces **Kim Deal** on guitar and **Jim MacPherson** on drums, along with new faces **Nathan Farley** on guitar, and **Luis Lerma** of bass, and finally the not-so-familiar yet hardly new face of **Carrie Bradley** who played violin on Last Splash, playing guitar and violin.

The diverse set list included old songs like Iris, Fortunately Gone,

and No Aloha, new songs from an album in the making, and even some treats from **Kim Deal**'s other band, **The Amps**. Favorite songs of the night include Invisible Man with Carrie on violin, and Shocker in Gloomtown.

Before playing Drivin' on 9 for an encore, **Kim Deal** explained "You're all from Massachusetts... you know what this one is about", referring of course to route 9 and her time at UMass. To help preform the song, a member of **Lutefisk** joined in to improvise, only to find himself on stage with no ability to improvise at all.

I caught the show in Philadelphia over spring break, and was a bit upset to find that the set list of the Pearl Street was exactly the same, with the exception that Drivin' on 9 was part of the encore. Despite this, the band was much more energetic, and Kim was much more in to the audience at the Pearl Street show ultimately making the Pearl Street show much more exciting. This is also at least partially due to the fact that **Kim Deal** was drunk as ever.

Continued from Page 11

Midler looked Fab-ulous, as per usual. The Oscar-nominated songs were worse this year, as per usual. Nobody had ever heard of any of the short films, as per usual. The Honorary Oscar was too little, too late, as per usual (nice to see Michael Kidd get one after only twenty years of brilliant choreography in musicals). And as per usual there was at least one winner who made the most of the situation and behaved like a grownup- Juliette Binoche, who won the title with her completely un-affected "I think Lauren [Bacall] deserved this, don't you?"

I think that's enough of that. But before I go, I'd like to say a big

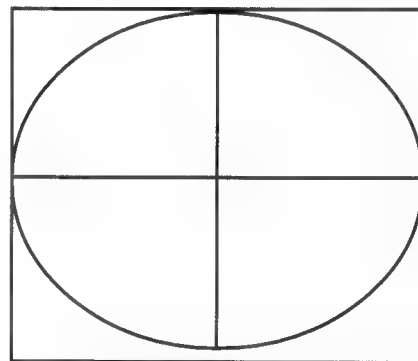
More Oscars

Thanks to Jordan and everybody else for extra space this week. I'd also like to thank my mom, God, my cats, the San Francisco public transport system, my dad, my therapist, my chiropractor, Dominic, Sandy, Lee Baby, the gang at Suzanne's Zorched Polyphony Emporium And Slop Shop, as well as everybody else who helped to make this moment happen. I love ya! (sniffle, sob)...

-Nick Edwards, Entertainment editor

*Sodomy oh yes
Forbidden Fruit for us Both
I Love You Daddy*

*Ben Sanders
1997*



*"Art"
Jordan Strauss
1997*

Sex With Bert

Women often come to me for advice about how to ensnare the man of their dreams. I have compiled a few helpful tips about how this delicate operation should be orchestrated.

1. Date Rape. Slip a couple of Rohypnols (or your preferred Mickey Finn) into your desired man's Martini. Take advantage of him as he writhes on the floor in a drugged stupor. The beauty of this method is that he is unlikely to remember a thing. The downside is that he may lose control and start shitting all over the place.

2. Put on a wife-beater and resort to some old-fashioned domestic violence. Men will find this sexy, and, hey, if women are so concerned about attaining equal rights they should begin by making their presence felt in the field of domestic violence. Domestic violence should not discriminate by gender. Discrimination is an ugly thing.

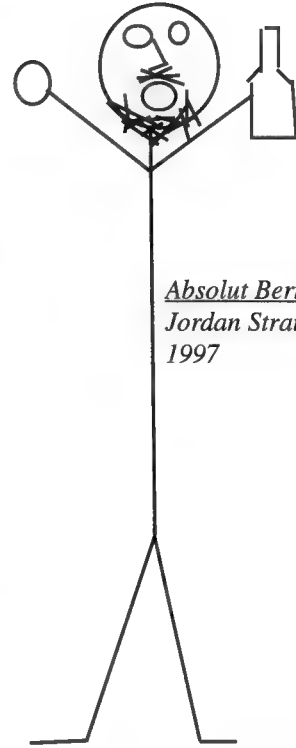
Tales From The Bottom of the Bottle

Bert Cattivera, Omen Staffer

In the interests of political correctness, the term "wife-beater" should be replaced by "non gender-specific domestic violence shirt."

3. Undress, coat your breasts with salt, and douse the remainder of your body with cheap tequila while singing "Leaving Las Vegas" by Sheryl Crow. You know where to put the lemon. There isn't a man alive who won't be turned on by your suddenly glamorous body.

-Bert Cattivera, Ph.D.



Boxing in the Robotic Womb

My roommates always thought I was very odd. They would find me glued to the television set, with that crazy, glazed look in my eyes and a shit-eating smirk on my face, brandishing a pair of boxing gloves and my Everlast headgear, and watching "Fight Night" on the Sports Network. Later in the evening I would stun them with my dramatic, riveting re-enactment of the night's fight, a blow-by-blow replay of the fifteen rounds of excitement and gore, a theatrical display of air-boxing. I was preparing myself for a fun-filled night of good-natured social Darwinism.

In the dark of night I would roam the streets, lurking like a maniac, stalking like the depraved, muscle-bound sociopath I am, a genetic Adonis in shiny white boxing trunks. In the moonlight, my shadowy silhouette would reveal two seemingly deformed hands—the boxing gloves, along with the ever-present outline of my sturdy,

viselike Everlast headgear.

Once I encountered a suitable victim I would proceed to clobber the poor bastard. My motive was always clear to me: to hear again the familiar yet thrilling sound of a man's brain rattling around inside his sorry cranium. I murdered many a genetic weakling in this hilarious fashion, cackling with glee at the mutilated, bloated corpses. I little knew that this rattling sound I had grown so fond of would one day emanate tragically from the cavernous recesses of my own fat skull. Hell, that's what the Everlast headgear was designed to protect me from.

After another night of staring at "Fight Night", imbibing in a seemingly endless stream of 64 ounce malt liquors, and re-enacting the fight for my friends in a bizarre, inebriated fit, I selected my next victim on the evolutionary scale, a pig, the police lieutenant who inhabited apartment 10-G.

I hated the pigs. Law enforce-

ment is geometrically opposed to all I stood for: the individual's right to bloody his fellow human in a paranoid act of self-preservation.

And this particular pig was a dirty pig. He repeatedly demanded and received "protection" money from all of the apartment residents. We despised this two-bit hoodlum and his petty hooliganism.

I had long suspected he knew of my double-fisted killing spree. His extortion techniques revealed eerie undertones of this knowledge, and when my roommates would scold me for waking up screaming "YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, FAT MAN!" I wanted to rip out their goddamned guts. My body would be cold and sweaty as I experienced what I referred to as "white heat" and cold flashes. Liking myself to a young Vito Corleone, I vowed to retrieve that vast sum of protection money, even if it meant leaping

Continued on Next Page

More of The Robotic Womb

from roof to roof like the well-oiled killing machine I am.

I often pondered, starry-eyed, society's ultimate, unknown ideal, envisioning how great it would be were my dream of social Darwinism to overtake the land. Women as a group would be the first to be eliminated, followed by men, as reproduction became "inconceivable." Or would women respond on an evolutionary scale to my constant, unprovoked beatings, and develop superhuman traits? Or perhaps brainy men would adapt to the utter dearth of females and conspire to invent a machine to undertake womankind's lost reproductive functions, an impressive device I would call "The Robotic Womb"? At any rate, I applauded myself in the knowledge that I was about to embark upon a noble social and scientific experiment, and that the world would be a better place.

But first I had to murder The Cop, and render my opposition, the dark, ugly forces of law enforcement obsolete and immobile. Sadly, however, my futuristic dream of the elusive Robotic Womb was not to be realized.

I stalked The Cop for weeks in preparation for my coup. I noted that he lived alone. Once I learned his rigorous schedule of law enforcement I was able to select a time when I knew he would not be home. Confident in this knowledge, I crept around to the backside of apartment 10-G and punched out the window like a madman, my well-padded boxing gloves protecting me from the shards of glass the impact of my blow sent flying through the air.

Inside the apartment, I delved through The Cop's extravagant belongings, stumbling upon numerous cop medals and prestigious awards, and well over an eightball of cocaine, courtesy of the evidence locker, no doubt. So I donned the various medals and tooted a few lines of the high grade coke, in order to prime myself for the battle with my nemesis.

I could not for the life of me

find the loot I so desperately wanted to recover, and this led me to wonder if the whole "protection" scam was merely a figment of my admittedly active imagination. I am not by nature a paranoid man, but I do frequently feel that someone is trying to off me. When I drive I will notice a car behind me, following my moves, and I absolutely love to speed through acres of cornfields in my 4X4, leaving whomever, or whatever, was pursuing me in my wake. We are constantly being stalked by some concerted, dark force.

When The Cop bounced into his apartment, some ten minutes ahead of schedule, he found me draped in his medals, with blood running out of my left nostril and police-quality white powder covering my face.

"Hey, copper!" I said as I pounced upon the man, pummeling him with my well-rehearsed, godlike moves, with outrageous quantities of adrenaline and cocaine coursing through my veins.

I hit, I ducked, I bobbed, and weaved, but The Cop was a damned good fighter. No doubt he had learned boxing at The Academy. He unleashed a gutpunch which knocked me off balance, then stung me in the head with a strong jab, tearing off my headgear and sending me careening to the floor as I felt my brain rattle inside my swollen head.

This was the end, part of me suspected, but I fought on valiantly, pulling myself up off the floor. I managed to land several punches on the officer's head before I watched him draw his service revolver and "aim to maim" at the kneecaps. Strangely, I was only partially afraid; I felt that I was dying, and yet I knew that I was genetically superior to this piggish creature, and therefore would somehow prevail in a heroic fashion. He sprayed bullets into my legs, and I fell once more.

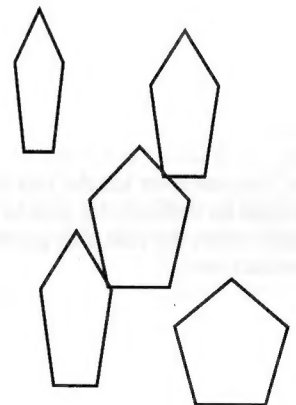
I am sickened by firearms. With firearms, a wretched beast is able to kill a genetically superior animal, skewing my noble scientific experiment, and undoubtedly causing numer-

ous scientists worldwide to shake their heads and roll their brilliant eyes in disgust at this non-biological advantage. And as I lay there on the floor, a decimated creature, I resented the fact that the cop had prevailed over pure science through artificial means.

Although I was unable to move due to the many gunshot wounds, Our Cop proceeded to deliver many kicks to my head, and the rattling brain action proceeded. The room turned a wash of red, then white, then faded completely as I relinquished my life to this beast who had ruined a perfectly legitimate social and scientific experiment, destroying my chances of ever winning a Nobel Prize, and sending me spiraling down into a deep, fiery hell where I am routinely beaten by ex-cops who are aware of my "crimes." They wave their nightsticks in the air menacingly before beaming me on the head with a crushing intensity.

I know I will be here for an inescapable eternity, so I curl up into a fetal ball, rolling with the punches and longing for my Robotic Womb, or anything to crawl inside of. And the devastating beatings go on and on.

-Bert Cattivera, Omen Staffer



Rapidly Running Out of

Ideas

Jordan Strauss

1997

A Linguistic Look at Ebonics

This Column isn't about Ebonics. It's actually about Black English Vernacular¹ (BEV).

So, I'm not going to waste my time telling you that BEV is a "legitimate" language (just as much as "standard" English is). I'm not going to go on and on about how it isn't slang. I won't waste ink explaining the difference between a dialect and a language (it doesn't matter in this forum: it is more political than linguistic). I won't do any of this, because it doesn't matter. No amount of technical linguistic talk will change anyone's mind that is already set.

People who wrongly believe that BEV is some sort of inferior slang/dialect will not change their beliefs in the presence of statistical data about the similarities in complexity of linguistic structures, if they haven't already. Beliefs like these die hard, and they don't die because of contrary facts, because such conceptions aren't based on logical thought to begin with, but rather emotional feelings.

Such bigotry finds its fuel in the deep rooted hatred for that which is different or alien from what one knows. And what is more deep rooted than knowledge of one's own language. Such knowledge is implicit. One can have intuitions of one's own language and what is correct about it without even knowing they know it, or how they came to know it, or why it is the way it is. One can properly use a grammatical rule without even being able to explain what the rule is.

For instance, if someone comes up to you and shows you a balloon that is red and is also large and that person asks you, "What is this?" You might say, "It's a big red balloon." And while you would never say, "It's a red big balloon," you don't quite know why, do you? No one ever taught you that, and it would be difficult for you to explain exactly what the rule that governs that construction is.²

So the point is, in order to make a non-believer understand the grammaticalities of BEV, one must aim to make him sympathetic to the similarities between BEV and English, and focus his attention away from the differences.

For example, let's examine double negatives. While these are certainly ungrammatical, in certain in-

The Cunning Linguist

Casey Nordell, Omen Staffer

stances they can be acceptable.³ The meanings of certain double negatives are clear to a listener. For instance, if something happens, and someone yells, "Don't nobody move!" Everyone knows what this means. It does *not* mean, "Everybody move!" It means instead, "Don't move!"

In BEV its grammatical to say things like:

1. Don't nobody fight him.
2. Nobody don't fight him.

But the interesting bit is that these two statements have opposite meanings in BEV. When I first heard this I was shocked. I thought it was the weirdest thing! But then the more I thought about it, I thought it was pretty intuitive. In fact, I *know* that. I know that 1 and 2 are opposites. This means that BEV shares common underlying grammatical structures with English. The first sentence is a command which means, "Don't fight him." and has the same grammatical structure as the above example, "Don't nobody move." The second example is a description of a situation. Such as in, that guy's so big and tough looking that nobody fights him. It's completely intuitive.

Here's another case. "He tall," is a grammatical BEV sentence. It means, "He is tall." It's just that the "is" has dropped out completely. This isn't so unusual. The verb "to be" is one of the most irregular and therefore most difficult to learn of all structures in English. And it has been slowly leaving the language. For instance, it used to be "He is tall." Now it is, "He s tall." And the next logical step would be to drop the verb entirely. It's a progression, not a regression.

Anyway, I hope that my point is clear to everyone out there. BEV is just another language that English speakers can intuitively understand. It's not some strange deficient form of English. It's not some "foreign" language that one needs an interpreter to understand. It's just something else. And let me remind you, there is no such thing as Standard English. You could travel all over this large country (and even different parts

of the world) and find different versions of English spoken everywhere, and everyone thinks that his version is the correct one. No one is right and no one is wrong.

(Incidentally, as I have been having difficulties coming up with ideas for my column, I will from now on be accepting questions from Omen readers to write about. Send your linguistic questions to Jordan or Jon and if I know the answers to them and I consider them worthy, I will answer them in my column).

¹ Also known as "Black English," and "African-American English" (Vernacular).

² Thanks to a PBS special on natural human languages for this example.

³ The realms of grammaticality and acceptability are separate but overlapping. Grammatical utterances of English, follow and conform to the rules of English grammar. An example of such an utterance is "I am having a good time here in Maine." This example is grammatical *and* acceptable.

If you were jotting a note on a postcard, you might write, "Am having a good time in Maine," where the "I" is implied. This is not "allowed" by the rules of English grammar, but it is certainly acceptable, in that speakers use the construction and listeners/readers understand it. (Incidentally, this sort of thing is allowed in other languages, such as Italian.)

Other utterances can be grammatical, but unacceptable. An example of this is: "Oysters oysters oysters eat eat eat!" (Thanks to Steven Weisler for this example). This sentence follows the rules of English grammar, but few English speakers would accept it as a valid sentence of English upon first reading it. Think of it this way: "Oysters eat!" is certainly a sentence. Now how about "Oysters oyster eat eat." (To clarify the meaning of this, think of it this way, "Oysters that oysters eat, eat." or "The oysters that eat other oysters also eat [other things].") Now just add one more oysters and one more eat and you're there. [NB: this may take some time for you to grasp. It certainly took me a while.]

All About the Women's Center

What is the difference between the Women's Center and the Women's Co-op?

The Women's Center is a physical building in Enfield. Therefore it cannot be offensive to anyone since it is made up of boards and sofas and filing cabinets. The Women's Co-op is made up of people, namely people in groups that support women's concerns or interests. It is a Co-op since the groups under the Co-op umbrella are funded as a single unit, and then divide the money up between the individual groups and other funds, which we'll talk about. For example, say the Women's Art Collective wants to open a museum that year, they would request one and a half billion dollars, and then the Co-op would decide if that is a workable sum. This decision would come about during the Wednesday 6:00 Co-op meetings that everyone, and especially you, should be a part of.

So what groups are in the Women's Co-op? And what do they do?

-The Women's Art Collective: This is a group (surprise!) of Hampshire women who are artists. All the coolest posters on campus are made by them. They are also the fabulous people who thought of bringing the Guerilla Girls here last semester. They have a brunch every Sunday, and to find out more about them you can contact Trinh Le (x4512).

-Sister: This is the Women of Color group on campus. They recently sponsored a celebration of black history month through art, dance, food, and lots of other things. Contact: Tizita Asseta (x2407).

-As We Live It Zine: This is a new publication that holds their meetings at the Women's Center (which is a building, as we have established). What is said in the zine is the opinion of the people who produce it, and is not some kind of official word from the Co-op. If you are offended, start your own zine, or open a dialogue with those who wrote it (there will be more names attached to the zine in the future), but please don't bitch about all those gosh darn feminists on campus (or whatever metaphor you choose), since to talk about all those gosh darn (insert other group name) would be called bigotry, hmmm?

-If you have a group that wants to be funded under the Co-op umbrella, come to a Co-op meeting.

The Co-op also gives out grants and funds events and other proposals that are brought up at Co-op meetings

(see how important meetings are?). To do this, we need to set aside some money. This money becomes:

-Grants:

Each semester, the Co-op awards grants to individuals with visions for projects that concert women's issues of that would benefit the community. The project or art of whatever can be part of your Divs. or not. If you are an individual with a vision of this sort, here is what you do:

-Respond to the all-campus mailing advertising Women's Center grants by picking up an application at the Women's Center. They are offered in the Fall and Spring semesters. If you didn't notice any ads, call us and check when the deadline is.

-Fill out the application.

-Return the application to the Women's Center.

-Viola. The applications will be reviewed at the next Co-op meeting after the deadline, and then you'll get a fat check in your P.O. box. Yay.

-The Free Fund:

Let's pretend you're looking for funding to have a speaker come to campus. Or you want money to attend a conference about the topic of your Div II. Or you want to buy everyone on campus their own harmonica. You would want to come to a Co-op meeting, once again on Wednesdays at 6:00 at the Women's Center, and present your proposal and request whatever sum of money you feel it will need. A proposal consists of:

-a description of what it is you want to do

-why this is a good thing that we want to give money to and how it will benefit the community

-a breakdown of your costs so we can see specifically where the money is going

But wait, how are proposals different than grants?

Proposals are more even oriented, and the are more often presented by groups whereas grants are only for individuals. The Co-op can also support a proposal with more than money, for example by making flyers and putting them up or giving use of the Center.

-The House Fund:

This is a fund for the maintenance of the physical building at Enfield. Stuff like tea and a lamp dish detergent. Very exciting. But if we have leftover money at the end of the semester we buy books for Our Library:

Yes, we have a library, and it's a pretty darn good source of literature by

and about women. There are also files on women's issues and the history of the women's movement. We encourage the donation of copies of Div II's and III's. Check it out. Give us suggestions on what you want to see there.

What do the work study students do?

They staff the building during open hours, open the building for other groups or events, poster for events that the Co-op is advertising, attend meetings, organize projects or events, and do paperwork relating to the budget.

What are the Women's Co-op and Center important?

I hear this question a lot. Usually it is asked with the assumption that the Co-op is a special interest group. If you still think this, go back and read this article a couple more times. The Women's Co-op is a resource to the community and an active advocate of many causes that the students and campus of this college just pay lip service to. Here's some of what we did last semester and what we're doing now:

Fall-

-hosted a three-session workshop on Native Americans, childbirth and breast feeding

-hosted a women's self-defense workshop

-hosted a poetry reading

-funded part of QCA film festival

-gave money to ten other groups or individuals for community performances or projects

-hosted a Women's Interest Training Session

Spring-

-hosted a Valentines Day Dance

-started a Sunday night film series on women's issues (call Deborah Bruml x4495)

-started Razor, an anti-rape activist group

-started the As We Live It zine

The Center itself is a community space that is available for whoever wants to use it, and it is used, so call and we'll check the calendar. Groups who meet there are:

-Youth Liberation Alliance

-Razor

-Women's Art Collective

-Sisters

-As We Live It zine

The Women's Co-op is alive and active and doing good things, and now you know all about it. Yay!

-Regina Laba, Contributor

Crossword Puzzle Answers

Across

1. surmounted
5. hurts
10. Grandma
14. Misplace
15. type of radiation
16. irreg.
17. Frank Zappa's romantic request
20. Bludgeoned
21. Great Catholic scholar
22. Coastal Maine town
25. Kettle's counterpart?
26. Auto
29. Tin pan alley
35. Ring
37. River duck
38. *There is no 38. -Ed*
39. Shielding
41. First name in rap

42. Cake's suggestion
43. Hide
44. Price
46. Correspondence
47. Crotchless underwear
50. Venereal unpleasantry
51. Place to get scanned, abbr.
52. Actress Thompson
54. Water plant
58. Pupa's product
62. Bob Marley's personal query?
67. Item
69. Ascend
70. Boil
72. Approx guesses

Down

1. Hghts.
2. "Sock it —"

3. Cold capital
4. Whacks
5. Era
6. Atol
7. Insurance grp.
8. Big bird
9. Pink
10. Hub
11. Fresh
12. Alaskan town
13. Prayer ender
18. Flesh
19. Gasoline rating
23. Campy wanna be, for short
24. Dreamy
25. Array of colors
26. Hitch
27. Big artery
28. Numeral type
30. Gremlin's kin?
31. Actor Neeson
32. Indian water vessel
33. Christmas story protagonist — Otter
34. Give up
36. Fence part
40. Put to verse
45. Dutch — disease
48. Weathered
49. Biblical name
53. "that's —"
54. Old French coins
55. Actress Anderson
56. Driving felonies
57. Higher dgr.
59. Bird, to Ceasar
60. Adventure
61. Poems
63. Single
64. Indian Tribe
65. Flower's resting spot
66. Trauma Cntrs.

